2: Steinen--643 E, D-5 (1884, 1887-1888) 1894 SP7 Bacairi
Bororo SP8

/511 cont./

775 The usual thing is that after his death the Bororó, man or woman, becomes a red arara, in other words, a bird, like the soul in the dream. The flesh and the skin decay, the bones are delivered as ceremoniously adorned as could possibly be demanded by the deceased, his clothing is packed up with him or burned, the relatives give up all the household goods whose use he shared, they even give him some of their blood -- perhaps, with all this, he is able to give himself back his old form: at any rate, the survivors /512/ have not deprived him of anything, now he must not demand more, he need not find his way back and
775 should be content with his arara-existence. The red araras are
792 Bororó; in fact, the Bororó go even further, as I have mentioned
825 on page 417, and say "we are araras." This is either a subsequent exaggeration, which merely shows in a striking manner how vastly indifferent the Indians are to the scruples of our zoologists,
[262] or the soul-bird is thought of as an arara. They never eat araras, they never kill tame ones, they grieve when one dies, only wild ones are intentionally killed for their feather ornamentation, and on that account their tame brothers must also submit to a systematic plucking.

775 The deceased of other tribes become other birds. The Negroes
825 become black urubus. The choice is not unfortunate; color,
[186] emanation, and oddity in the case of a malevolent one can easily arouse them, and the Bororó did not love the Negroes. I asked Maria what I would turn into after my death and, in all seriousness, was given the flattering reply, "a white egret." Even in
[774] life the soul is a bird, and this does not seem particularly strange, since in the dream it reaches distant places with great swiftness and a person who can do this simply is a bird to the hunter; which type of bird is the lot of one tribe and which one is that of another is a secondary question. The fact that a tribe will pick out the finest ornamental bird for itself, one which incidentally also talks, the feathers of which furnish magnificent ornaments for the living and the dead, is not difficult to understand. The Bororó, however, are not blue araras, but red araras, just as the Negroes are, or will become, black birds, and the Whites, white ones.